

*West.* You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what, The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd? But if your Father had bene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are iust, You shall enioy them, every thing set off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

*Mow.* But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceeds from Policy, not Loue.

*West.* *Mowbray*, you ouer-wicene to take it so:

This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To giue admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

*Mow.* Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Cause abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

*West.* That is intended in the Generals Name:

I muse you make so slight a Question.

*Bish.* Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Grievances:

Each seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are insinew'd to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

*West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In sight of both our Battailes, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

*Bish.* My Lord, wee will doe so.

*Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

*Hast.* Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall consist vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

*Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such, That every slight, and false-deriued Cause, Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

*Bish.* No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and such picking Grievances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life, And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his losse, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion: His foes are so en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnfixe an Enemy, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chastisement: So that his power, like to a Fanglest Lion May offer, but not hold.

*Bish.* 'Tis very true: And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

*Mow.* Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* The Prince is here at hand: please your Lordship To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?

*Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

*Bish.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

*Enter Prince John.*

*John.* You are wel encountred here (my cosin *Mowbray*) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to see you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroad, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Betwene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen, And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue, But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Favorite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dishonorable? You haue taken vp,

*Vnder*

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen, The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him, Haue here vp-swarm'd them.

*Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland) The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sense Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe, With graunt of our most iust and right desires; And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd, Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

*Mow.* If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the last man.

*Hast.* And though wee here fall downe, Wee haue Supplies, to second our Attempt: If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them. And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall haue generation.

*John.* You are too shallow (*Hastings*) Much too shallow,

To found the bottome of the after-Times.

*West.* Please your Grace, to answer them directly, How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

*John.* I like them all, and doe allow them well: And weare here, by the honor of my blood,

My Fathers purposes haue bene mistooke, And some, about him, haue too lauishly Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.

My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vnto their feuerall Countiees, As wee will ours: and here, betwene the Armies, Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

*Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

*John.* I giue it you, and will maintaine my word: And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

*Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part: I know, it will well please them.

*Exit.* High thee Captaine.

*Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland,

*West.* I pledge your Grace: And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd, To breede this present Peace,

You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,

Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bish.* I doe not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season, For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

*Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,

But heauinesse fore-runes the good euent.

*West.* Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow

Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

*Bish.* Beleue me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

*John.* The word of Peace they shew't.

*Mow.* This had been ch

*Bish.* A Peace is of the n

For then both parties nobly

And neither partie looser.

*John.* Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discha

And good my Lord (so plea

March by vs, that wee may

Wee should haue coap'd w

*Bish.* Goe, good Lord

And ere they be dismiss'd, le

*John.* I trust (Lords) wee

*Enter W*

Now Cousin, wherefore star

*West.* The Leaders haue

Will not goe off, vntill they

*John.* They know their d

*Hast.* Our Army is disper

Like youthfull Steeres, vnyo

East, West, North, South: or

Each hurries towards his h

*West.* Good tidings (my L

I doe arrest thee (Taytor) o

And you Lord Arch-bishop

Of Capitall Treason, I attac

*Mow.* Is this proceeding

*West.* Is your Assembly

*Bish.* Will you thus bre

*John.* I pawn'd thee non

I promis'd you redresse of t

Whereof you did complain

I will performe, with a most

But for you (Rebels) looke

Meet for Rebellion, and su

Most shallowly did you the

Fondly brought here, and fo

Strike vp our Drummes, pur

Heauen, and not wee, haue s

Some guard these Traitors

Treasons true Bed, and yeeld

*Enter Falstaffe*

*Falst.* What's your Nam

you? and of what place, I p

*Col.* I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Colenile* o

*Falst.* Well then, *Colenile*

your Degree, and your Pla

still be your Name, a Trayto

geon your Place, a place de

still *Colenile* of the Dale.

*Col.* Are not you Sir *John*

*Falst.* As good a man as

yeelde sir, or shall I sweate

are the drops of thy Louers,

therefore rowze vp Feare at

uance to my mercy.

*Col.* I thinke you are Sir *John*

yeelde me.

*Fal.* I haue a whole Scho

mine, and not a Tongue of

word but my name; and I h

rence, I were simply the

my wombe, my wombe, m

comes our Generall.